



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"He asks me!" she murmured, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her hands. "He asks me!" Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

"It is true, then. Heaven, I thank Thee! Bianca! Bianca!"

"Ah! why make me speak. If you but knew—"

"Nothing, I will hear nothing, except that you love me! Oh! let my destiny be now accomplished!"

The clock struck; the poet trembled.

"Adieu, Bianca," said he, pressing her to his breast, and giving her a long kiss. "Adieu."

And disengaging himself from her arms, he sprang from the saloon.

Bianca remained motionless, given up entirely, for a moment, to the emotion that follows such an avowal, and to the vague fear of the misfortunes that must result therefrom. But soon the troubled air of the poet struck her thought; she asked herself the reason of his hasty flight, and a horrible suspicion traversed her brain.

She flew to the garden; Alfieri was not there. She asked for Marliano; he was absent! Her heart beat almost to bursting. She ran up to the poet's chamber, unconscious of what she did, and entered; it was empty! She hastened toward the balcony. At this moment a pistol shot was heard. She uttered a scream, and leaned, fainting, against the window. Almost immediately Celini appeared at the entrance to the parterre, shouting:

"A doctor! A surgeon!"

Bianca felt the room turn beneath her feet; she extended her arms to sustain herself, and was about to quit the window, when she heard the sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, and a voice that thrilled her. The door of the chamber opened quickly.

Alfieri entered!

THE ART OF GIGGLING.

A. S. ISAACS.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

GIGGLING girls constitute a large number of the sex termed, with more gallantry than justice, in these days of "woman's rights," fair. They are conspicuous, oddly enough, more by the absence of any monstrous vice than by the presence of any infinitesimal virtue. Such specimens you meet with everywhere; they cannot be limited peaceably or forcibly; and are distinguished by a class peculiarity—they giggle. The phrase, we confess, is somewhat untranslatable, for it is an etymological nudity and absolutely meaningless. The art of giggling is more readily explained, for it is picturesque in its abruptness, scientific in development, fascinating in delivery, and graceful at the death.

Giggling, according to Webster, is a "kind of laugh with short catches of the voice and breath." The bareness of the definition is only equaled by its unintelligibility. The better plan to understand the word and its action is to personally encounter a giggler, and she will elaborately display, in all its elegance of outline and simplicity of detail, the beauty and quality of the giggle. The omnipresence of the giggler saves a deal of trouble; so without delay you plunge *in medias res*. You wish her good day. She smiles. Inquire after her health. Another smile. Hope her parents are well. The smile lengthens. Emboldened at your favorable reception, although in doubt as to what has caused the repeated smiles, you cough a little, and, with an air of the deepest interest, ask her opinion of the latest drama at Wallack's. She smirks in reply. Does she admire "Hamlet?" A faint titter is the response. Perchance now you venture the perfectly truthful remark that it looks like rain, and that if it rains it will be wet. At once you have evolved out of the depths of her inner consciousness a genuine giggle. Watch its appearance in its three stages of development, *a la Comte*, birth, maturity, decay—and spectroscopically the result with your pen for the benefit of science.

The giggle commences at the mouth with certain twitches in the neighborhood of that organ. The lips part, the teeth—mute witnesses of the dentist's skill—are exposed to view. The teeth unclasp, and, snake-like, the tongue appears coiled up in the back ground. Next, the head is slightly arched and the eyes slowly close. At the eyes, then, the giggle matures. The eyes close in earnest, the nostrils

dilate, and for a time giggles play about the ravishing nose, like lightning about a mountain peak. The fascinating face becomes corrugated with twinkles, and shows as many lines of beauty—in the Hogarthian vein—as an india-rubber head stretched to an angle of 45 degrees. At this stage, the giggler is supposed, by herself, to be bewitching; and so, to heighten the effect and the general enchantment, there then is a reduplicated fluttering of the wand-like fan, a depression of the head, and an inclination of the form. The third period of development is now ushered in. The giggles begin to grow beautifully less, a fierce conflict arises between the centrifugal and the centripetal forces, the convolutions become more and more refined, the giggles shorten, eyes open, teeth shut, mouth closes—and the giggle is over.

You breathe more freely now, and, if a man of spirit, alarmed at the frightful convulsions which invest the giggler with the air of martyrdom, run hastily for restoratives, rouse the house, summon the doctor. Reassured by her composure, you will revoke all your previous orders, and tenderly inquire as to the frequency of the attacks, their duration, and possibility of cure. These graceful attentions on your part will speedily bring on a relapse; the performance recommences, and the giggle goes through the same stages of development as before, only with greater vehemence and freedom of action, for practice makes perfect. You become seriously alarmed, your teeth chatter, your whole nervous system is unstrung, you beg pardon and graciously attempt to depart. Again the giggle rises, and ends, finally, in hysterical sobbing, in which you can distinguish such despairing assertions as "I'll die! I'll die! I'll die a-laughing if you don't stop." You really have said nothing more than a few commonplace remarks, and that these should have produced such a cachinnatory effect is altogether a mystery. So you humbly take your leave, sorely perplexed at the enigmatical character of women in general and gigglers in particular.

The details of the giggle can be amplified at pleasure. Indeed, the performance itself varies with certain conditions, notably the silliness of the giggler and the value of your own time. The timid giggler will giggle perhaps for five minutes every hour; the professional one will giggle certainly six hours a day. Such details, however, are of a nature over which your realistic writer might pardonably gloat, but are too harrowing to be here depicted. Otherwise the effect might be as serious as Pope describes in his "Rape of the Lock":

"Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend'd the affrighted skies.
Not louder shouts to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last."

Still there are certain accessories to the giggle which are pertinent to the subject and harmless to delicate nerves. The handkerchief is generally found useful, and when spread over the face gives a captivating expression thereto, since it is perfectly invisible. The hands are perfectly relaxed, to denote womanly impotence. The arms are wildly tossed about, to express feminine reserve. The eyes roll fearfully in their sockets, to show maidenly coyness. The air is dishevelled, to express extreme delicacy. The talk is incoherent, to signify logical force. And, as a last resort, your professional giggler, the radical, the adept in her art, will throw herself, with the wildest abandon, in a chair, or bury her face in the luxurious depths of a sofa.

The symptoms and diagnosis of giggling are now tolerably well understood. Its causes are yet draped in psychological, physiological, and philological mystery. Possibly, in generations to come, some Beaumont, or Harvey, or Draper will explore its hidden depths, and bring up to the surface the "open sesame" to the science and relief to the afflicted. In those days, the intimate relation of matter and spirit will be darkly hinted at. Wiseacres will sagely shake their heads, whisper "electricity" and suggest the "movement" cure. Some will propound the theory of spontaneous generation. Others will breathe the magic word, "evolution." More sensibly, a few will point to cerebral disturbances, aberration, stupidity, silliness, which employs the waste products of respiration in giggles instead of words. One doughty physiologist will, in those days, publish his "Genesis of Giggling," and obstinately hold to the view that such "monkey-shines" incontrovertibly confirm Darwin's theory of development.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

ENTHRONED upon the purple-vested hills
Sat the fair Autumn in her regal glow,
And the clear voices of the silver rills
Made music down below.

The woods were glorious, but far and near
The scattered leaves their gleams of scarlet shed,
As if the life-blood of the dying year
Had stained them ruby-red.

And the strange stillness soothed us more and more
As on we wandered slowly, hand in hand,
Like lovers, in the magic days of yore.
Passing through Fairyland.

For twisted roots of wild fantastic shape
Haunted our path with limbs of rugged brown,
This seemed a satyr, that a goblin ape
Wearing an ivy crown.

O friend, we knew that happiness like ours
Was solemn in its purity, and rare;
Treading the borders of immortal bowers,
Breathing immortal air!

Then softly as an angel clothed in white
Came Death, and met us with a placid smile;
Laid on our clasping hands his finger light,
And whispered, "Part awhile."

II.

Low in the heavens stooped the fiery sun,
Flushing the peaceful landscape far and wide;
When sudden I became aware of One
Close walking by my side.

He spake of comfort, but I would not weep,
Wrapping the chilly mantle of despair
More closely round my stricken soul, to keep
All hope from entrance there.

At length, grown weary of my woe, I turned
To gaze awhile on my companion's face;
Ah me! I trembled, for mine eyes discerned
Thereon a blood-red trace.

"Is this," I said, "the sunset's parting stain
That casts a rosy shadow on Thy brow?"
But faster fell the drops like crimson rain,
"Ah, Lord, I know Thee now!"

"Forgive the feeble soul that understands
So little of this wondrous love of Thine."
He answered, holding out His pierced hands,
"Was any grief like mine?"

I knelt and kissed my Saviour's wounded feet,
Like Magdalene I washed them with my tears;
Fast flowed the healing waters fresh and sweet
From fountains sealed for years.

Then on my trembling lips I felt His kiss,
I heard His promise of eternal rest;
The world grew darker, but the light of bliss
Remained within my breast.

—Sarah Doudney.

SABBATH EVE.

IT is impossible to give a very full explanation of this picture in the small space to which we are limited—an explanation such as is particularly desirable for those who are unacquainted with the ceremonies practiced by the Jews on the occasion of the incoming of the Sabbath-day.

The Sabbath of the Jews, like all their holidays, lasts from evening to evening, beginning about an hour before dusk, and, therefore, varying according to the season.

It is this particular moment which the artist, in our illustration which appears elsewhere, so faithfully represents. The view is the interior of a room decked, like its occupants, in best attire. The master of the house, consulting his watch, nods to the wife that "it is time" to light the Sabbath-lamp which, as it were, ushers in the holy day. This is a duty which the law enjoins upon the wife, who, lifting her hands toward the lights, pronounces this prayer: "Blessed art Thou, the Eternal, our God, the King of the Universe, who has sanctified us with Thy commandments, and commanded us to light the Sabbath lights."

The conclusion of this devout ceremony is the beginning of Sabbath; and the master now wends his way to the synagogue, having long but quietly detained his beloved offspring whose position and countenance indicate his impatience, as the large Hebrew prayer-book under his arm would indicate his ability, to assist at the Sabbath evening service. The painting, by Oppenheim, which thus represents one of the most beautiful, peaceful and homely phases of the "inner life" of an orthodox Jewish family, has received unlimited but merited praise.